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CAROLINA SPARTAN

LULA WOODSWORTH:

LOVE STRONGER THAN PRIDE.

BY J. FORREST GOWAN.

CHAPTER VII. Walk with me, dear reader, to the Thes-pian Hall, and let us step within for a few moments and see what is taking place

The room is densely crowded by a brifliant and attentive audience, and every eye is directed towards the stage, and every ear intent on catching the eloquent remarks

Near the stage sits the reporter of the "Squash Annihilator, busily engaged with paper and pencil, while a little to the left aits the indomitable Friggins, perfectly at the mercy of the floods of impassioned elo-quence, which come, like the rush of many

waters, upon his eager ear.

Nearer to the door sit our friends Lionell Evans, Lula, and Leoline, the latter
looking as happy as a child, whose heart
has known no shadow, or experienced no

Lula looks beautiful and pure, but not happy. Now and then only does she venest gaze, her poor heart throbs wildly and her fair face becomes crimsoned with blushes. And what were the feelings of Des-mond! What to him was the brilliant as-semblage before him, compared to the presence of Lulal

In that cast assemblage of men, women, and che ten more was but one form be fore tris every me dear free now and then timely turned towards him, and one beart pulsating in harmony with his.

There was an invisible telegraphic line

between the etwo hearts, and their souls held communion and converse together, which they alone knew of -they alone undersigned and the feeture closed, and the speaker descended the stage is a perfect thundered applauses -

The audience dispersed, each to his respacific bear each with his own thoughts and impressions, which impressions were to cast there long deep snadows upon the fu-ture or gild with beauty all coming events. "Lola," said Leoline, as they were re-turning from the fecture, "did you ever hear such a lecture?"

'Neverl-'twas a master effort!" "I could have listened to him all day, "Only all day, Leoline! Methinks such

language could be listened to forever." "Is it the language, or the speaker, that you praise?" asked Leoline. "Both."

"Lula," said Leoline, "would it not be pleasant to possess the love of such a man as Mr. Drayton?" "Such are foolish questions, Leoline; for men like Mr. Drayton think very little of

"I know better than that, Lula," said Leoline, with a toss of her pretty head. "Sup-Drayton not only deigns to notice our sex, but that he really is desperately in love

"How do you know that?" asked Lula andeavoring to appear disinterested in the

atter. "Never mind how I know it, Lula; but I do certainly know that Mr. Drayton is not

only passionately attached to one of our sex, but that the fair one whom he has chosen is present." "You surely do not mean that he loves

one of us?" replied Lula, with much agita-

"Exactly," replied Leoline. Lula did not reply-her heart was too much affected to attempt it; but only God and herself knew how every word of the innecent Leoline stung her to the heart. and added renewed pressure to the load of agony there. "It is Leoline that he loves," thought Lula, as she neared the house, "and nov .ll is over, and I must be content to

suffer on in secret.'
As the two friends reached the residence of Mr. Graham, Lula thought that she would arrive at the worst at once, by asking Leoline if her suspicions were correct. Placing her hand upon the shoulder of Leoline, she said with much feeling." Des-

mond loves you, dear Leoline! is it not so!"
"Me! Why, Lula, what put that into your head? Mr. Drayton does not even know me, and, so far as loving me is concerned, he has never said so at least," and so saying the pretty girl laughed merrily.

Lula kissed the dewy lips of Leoline, and

burating into tears, retired to the privacy of her own room. She had no sooner seated herself upon her lounge than she buried her face in her hands, and wept as if her very heart would break.

"What! was it possible that Desmond must either cease taking, or else leave the loved her? Was it possible that his room, as I am obliged to finish this lecture still loved her? heart still yearned after her, notwithstanding time for the "Squash Annihilator." ing the cruel manner in which she had "But, Desmond, I wish to remain just treated him! Surely Leoline was mistaken." Such were Lula's thoughts, as she endeayored in vain to check her tears.

BY CAVIS & TRIMMIER.

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But," said she, "what factive could the fair girl have to deceive me? Surely Leoline, of all others, would not willingly bring more wos into a heart already crushed beneath its weight! No! I must see the dear girl, and speak with her on the subject at once, and, so eaving, she heatily summoned her maid, who made her appearance, and to whom Luis communicated her wishes.

But," said she, "what factive could the fair girl have to deceive me? Surely Leoline," and and my pretty little cousin Leoline."

"I have a great mind to take your advice, "anid Desmond, putting his pen aside, and turning towards Lionelle "But, Lionelle "But, Lionelle "But, Lionelle "But, Lionelle "But, Lionelle "Squash Annihilator," they expect my lecture before four o'clock."

Leoline seen entered the room and seat.

"Well suppose they do! what then?" Leoline soon entered the room, and seat-

ed herself beside Lula.

"Leoline," said Lula, taking the dainty hand of the merry-hearted maiden, "You said awhile ago that Desmond loved one of us, and that that one was not yourself; do you mean to say, Leoline, that Desmond loves

"Leot ," exclaimed Lula, with much emetion, "do you really mean what you say! Think, my dear girl, of what you

"Lula," replied Leoline, "what motive could I have in telling you that Desmond was in love with you, unless I knew it to

"But may you not be mistaken, Leoline?"
"No, Lula. I solemnly declare to you that he does love you."

benedictions upon your heart, for the confidence which you have reposed in me.

Desmond has loved you for more than five years, and loves you now, with all the forvor of earlier years, and would willingly can love me after all this! Is it easy to wise."

part with all his fame for the possession of meet her—to take her hand—to listen to "V.

your heart."
"Dear Leoline, you have made me hap py, and if you only knew how I have loved Desmond, you would pity, rather than blame me for my pride, and apparent indif-ference. In early life, by the persuasion of my parents, I rejected his overtures of love, that the world to you is desolate and dark merely for their gratification, but I have without her. Why should you thus live, ever loved him.

thought, I have been his." "Lula," said Leoline, "Desmond dines with us to-day. Promise me that you will see him, promise me that you will cast

"Then, Lula, as sure as Heaven is pure.

will soon be happy."

"My dear little beauty," replied Lula, "I will be led by you, and guided altogether

by your advice and counsel." 'Lula," said Leoline, "we depend upon our heavenly father for all our happiness in in prayer?"

"Yes, dear Leoline; surely your prayers me, and an expected to go immediately in-

earth is two beautiful maidens kneeling in is a mere guessing matter altogether. Can prayer before the great God, throned amid you then expect me to feel no disinclination to be led into the ways of truth, and direct- no rainbow of hope arise over the misty fued into the right path.

Hush! we must not tread with our un sauctified feet that holy place, nor pollute sanctified feet that hely place, nor pollute heart, and meet her, and perhaps all will with our foul breathing the air that is yet turn out well. You should not doubt being perfumed with the fragrant voice of

and see what is taking place there. Desmond was sitting in his library, writ-

ing his address for the Squash Annihilator," when Lionell Evans entered, "Lionell," said Dermond, "what in the

name of soap-suds are you walking into my room for, when I am trying, as hard as possible, to meet the demands of the "devil." who has been running after me for the last "The devil!-what do you mean!"

"The printer's devil, to be sure."

"Are you publishing your lecture?" "No, I am not exactly publishing," plied Desmond, upsetting the inkstand up on his manuscript. "Now, just look at that," continued Desmond, "did mortal ever pass through such a skirmish."

"Take it easy, old fellow!" said Lionell. "Take it easy!-why, bless your foolish soul! I can scarcely write a single sentence before the 'devil' walks into the room and such thing as Christmas holidays." step into Lula's room.
"Lula," said Leoline,

"Why not?" asked Lionell. "Well, these printers run after a fellow "Do ... thousand lines in a minute, and punctuate it properly beside. If you ask them the reason of their great hurry, they will tell you they want to save Christmas day.'

on them." "Too hard?" "Yes, entirely too hard," replied Lionell; "they are the most useful class of citizens

that we have."

"Great pity, then, that the boys in the "Squash Annihilator" set type so outra- "H geously fast. I have bet fifty dollars that I line?" could keep up with any printer in America, and won the bet more than eight times; but these fellows just set type like warriors, and much of his future happiness depends upon its no manner of use to try to keep up with the results of this very meeting.

"Well, Desmond, I shall leave you for the present at the mercy of the printers." yourself as quick as possible, for it is just impossible to write while your are here,"

"I will not fail, Lionell; but really you

where I am; and as to keeping still, it is heart for my sinfulness. just a matter of impossibility. Throw your "Then, too, to think that he has loved

"Well, suppose they do! what then!"
"Why, I should not disappoint them;
that's all."

"Pehaw) I see no necessity of having the ecture published this afternoon. Wait until to morrow-next week, or any other time than just now."

"Lionell, I will do as you say," said Des-"That's right! Come with me now to

my uncle's, and see Lula."

"I someliow dread to meet her, Lionel and fear that the meeting will be productive of a real scene. Are you sure tha she will not take my visit amisel'

"I pledge you my word of honor," re-plied Lionell, "that you have it in your power to render both yourself and Lula utterly incapable of transferring his grays to

"But may you not be mistaken, Leoline?"

"No, Lula. I solemuly declare to you that he does love you."

"Then, Leoline, as you have told me this much, I will tell you caudidly, that I love Desmond as fervently as he can possibly love me."

Then, Lula, may God send his sweetest benedictions upon your heart, for the con-

"Is it easy to believe that such a woman her voice—to look upon her facel Verily, slightly blushing.

"These paintings are very fine," soid Dea-

to keep away from Lula, when you have reason for believing that she loves you. You say that you love her more than life, and when the remedy is within your reach? "And will you be his, Lula!"

"Hist—O, Leoline, ever since this heart have it in your power to bring the sunshine Why be desolate and unhappy, when you has been capable of feeling, or the mind of upon your heart, and realize your foundest desires and dearest hopes. There is no philosophy in such a course of conduct—it is positively simple."

see him, promise me that you will cast aside your pride, and meet him as you should, and all will yet be well."

"I do promise it, dear Leoline," replied Lula.

"Then, Lula, as aure as Heaven is pure "Then, Lula, as sure as Heaven is pure, and God is merciful, so sure is it, that you tance from Lula, when I knew that her presence could only recall the past and ren-der me miserable. I have suffered more than the tongue can tell since Lula's marriage to Woodsworth, and I have striven to forget even her existence. Just as all hope seemed to have fled from the heart, so far as this vale of tears. Will you kneet with me winning her love was concerned, I am told suddenly and unexpectedly that she loves knew. Reader, we must pause here awhile. I'er- to her presence. How do I know that she really does love me. I have not heard it haps one of the most beautiful sights upon from her lips, neither has any one else-it the undying splendors of Heaven, asking to to see her, when the very meeting will rebe guided secording to his wisdom, desiring call all that is painful in the past, and yet

ture. Lionell, it is a sore trial," "It is so, Desmond; but nerve up you that Lula loves you, because you have not heard it from her lips, for you know very Let us take a walk to Desmond's cottage, well that there are ten thousand ways in which love is expressed and made manifest. I would be the last man in the world to trifle with your feelings, Desmond, in such weighty matters as these, and did I not feel confident that this meeting would be pro-ductive of a life time of happiness to Lula

and yourself, I certainly would not advise it.' "My dear fellow," replied Desmond, "I do not doubt for one moment your sincerity and honesty in the premises, and will even be guided by you. I will accompany you to your uncle's in a few minutes, and abide

the consequences, whatever they may be."
"That is the right kind of talk," replied If Desmond did spend an unreasonable length of time in making his toilet, I am

sure that my reader will not blame him. Taking Lionell's arm, the two friends proceeded to the residence of Mr. Graham. Let us leave them awhile, and visit Mr. Graham's residence before they do, and

'Lula," said Leoline, "I forgot to tell you that Desmond will dine with us to day. "Do you mean what you say?" asked

"Of course I do; I invited him myself." "What was your motive in so doing, Leo-

"Well. Lula-do not be angry with me "Pshaw! Desmond; you are too hard up. I knew that he wanted to see you, and that you wanted to see him, so I invited him to dine with us, hoping that good might re-

suit from the meeting."
"But, my dear girl, I do not think that I can meet him." "Why not, Lula?" "How can you ask such a question, Leo-

"But I do not see any harm in it. will be glad to see you, Lula, and no doubt

"It may be so, Leoline; but then think of the heart-could it stand such a meeting? Years ago I gave him that heart, "Lionell," replied Desmond, "do absent and led him to believe that I was altogether his, and his forever. After all this I begame another's, and saw him, whom I so "Certainly, my dear fellow, if you desire it, I shall, of course, leave you; but do not fail to meet me at Mr. Graham's dinner tagratified at the idea of marrying a man like Woodsworth instead of—as I then called Desmond-'a low-born mechanic.' When I think how deeply and devotedly he once loved me, and then how I have treated that love, and returned pride, contempt and even insult, I blush to the very

manuscript into the fire, and walk over me through it all, and even now, in the he discovered the joke,

amends, by granting him a free, full and hearty welcome. O, Lula, be assured that Desmond will gladly forgive the past, and tove you with all the fetvor of his first, last, only love."

"I will try to meet him as calmly as pos-sible, dear Leoline; but I fear very much that my poor heart will full me."

Just then the door bell announced the arrival of Desmond and Lionell; and Leoline, requesting Luls to make ber toilette as soon as possible, left the room, and descen-ded to the parlor to receive the company. Desmond, on being introduced to Leo-line, was perfectly bewildered with her

colors — Miss Leoline, pray excuse me for almost staring you out of countenance, but really it was impossible to do other

mond, addressing Leoline, "are they yours."
"No, sir; Mrs. Woodsworth executed "Do you paint, Miss Leoline?"

"Sometimes daub a little." "Please show us some of your daubs. then," said Lionell.

"Look into that mirror, and you will one," replied Leoline, laughing.

"Certainly, coz, you are exceedingly complimentary this morning. I have hitherto failed to see the resemblance between myself and a daub, but since you condescend

to call me your daub, I am satisfied." hen seated herself beside Leoline.

Lula never looked more beautiful, and Desmond gazad upon her ten thousand thoughts, long buried in the grave of the past, sprung into life, and almost overpow-

What struggles were going on in Lula's heart, and what efforts to appear calm and collected in Desmond's presence, only God O, it was hard for those two hearts to

How they longed to rush to each other's arms, and whisper the accents of affection and love! There was a silence for a few moments

painful to all parties. "You have never seen my flower garden, Mr. Dayton; suppose we all walk through

it," said Leoline. "I, for one, will be much pleased to do may all bachelors take warning by this reeital of my sufferings, and take care, in shunning the Charybdis of single life, not " replied Desmond.

Have you any objections, Mrs. Woods orth?" asked Lionell. "None whatever," replied Lula. "Then we will all go," said Leoline.

Lionell and Leoline walked together, ula being accompanied by Desmond. The flower garden was indeed a beauti one, and the soft air was perfumed with the fragrant breath of flowers, while birds

were warbling sweetly upon every tree. "There is much taste displayed in the plan of this garden," said Desmond to Lula. "Leoline planned it, I believe," replied

"Indeed? she seems to be quite a tasty little maiden. "Quite so-and a sweeter and purer spir-

it never dwelt in human form," replied "I would so judge," said Desmond, "You have been living in New Orleans for some time back, Mr. Drayton, I under-

stand," said Lula. "Yes, I spent the greater part of the last five years in that city."

"Are you pleased with the manners and customs of the inhabitants?" "Well, upon the whole, I was rather pleas-

heart was full of other subjects, and so was every description. Typhus fever shortly Desmond's, and yet both of them felt the after set in, but was quickly checked by the peculiarity of their situations to such an ex- energetic treatment adopted by the French which when said amounted to just nothing

within himself to tell Lula how dear she set in again and added to the mortality. still was to his heart, but the words would On the 8th September Sebastopol was tanot come to his assistance, and he remain- ken by the allied armies, but, nevertheless, ed silent. Lula's heart trembled, and her between the 1st of September, 1855, and whole soul was agitated, fearing she knew the 1st of April, 1856, of 145,120 French not what. Yet she hoped to hear the lan- troops under arms in the Crimea, 48,000

er, persists in asserting that the Peerage has given to Macauley, on the implied omise that he will not carry his history to the reign of the Georges. The truths standing the precautions adopted by the which he would be obliged to tell relative undical staff. It is said that the number to that royal house, are said to be dreaded of sick in hospital in proportion to the force by the Queen,

A verdant Yankee expectant for office was advised the other day to apply for the consulship at the Lobos islands, vice Guano, the author, "when one reflects on the smail removed. He had his letter written before number employed." The French fleet like-

Reveries of an Ex-Bachelor.

Martin Parquhar Tupper, in his "Pro-Martin Farquhar Tupper, in his "Proverbial Philosophy" (an imposing citation, by the by,) says, that "A babe in a house is a well-spring of pleasure:" a very harmonious line, I acknowledge, but nevertheless untrue. Had he said his babe, it might have been true; but a babe includes the babe as a race; and I deny, most positively and unqualifiedly, that my babe "is a well-spring of pleasure." To be sure, he's got enough "spring" in him; but then, again, he's never well, at least so my wife says; and indeed she accounts for all his eccentricities, by the pathetic appeal of "baby's so sick." and so pathetic appeal of "baby's so sick," and so am I. If ever I were sick of anything in this world, it's of that confounded baby of mine. There he sits, staring at me with his vacant eyes, a perfect well-spring of inarticulate sounds. Put him in the crib, and he's perpetually slobbering and crying, and if he falls out of it, he only slobbers and

cries the more. He's never contented, either with his lot or his cot.

My only consolation is in his future growth. Notwithstanding he's all grown now, they say that when he's grown up he'll be more pacific in his tendencies, that he won't have so many colies, and I won't have so many sleepless nights. But in the interim, yes, the interim, while the baby's growing, what am I to dof Am I to be sacrificed to his necessity of growth? Is there no hot-house bed where he may be forced into length, in place of cribs, where he can't be forced into supineness! If he were a girl, I'd make him "a Daughter of the Regi-

ment," but being a boy, that, of course, is impossible. Every morning that baby wakes me up at four o'clock by sticking his finger in my eye. If I spank him for it, he cries; but if I don't, he sits on my breast, grinning like a young hyena, shouts 'papa,' and then makes a dive for my nose. After sofficiently recreating himself in this pastime, he generally winds up by pulling my hair out by the roots, and-I spank him, for there's a limit to human endurance. His mother, so far from being my ally, smothers him with kisses, and tells me I'm 'so cruel." When I was a bachelor, I used to smash the flies that bothered me in the merning, and this human fly I only spank; yet am I condemned by its mother, who rugs the squalling brat, and delivers herself Just then the door slowly opened and Lula Woodsworth entered. Leoline introduced her to her cousin and to Desmond, to both of whom she bowed politely, and a similar dialect. A pretty example that to set before a child! Bah, I'm sick of "e little baby!" One day he falls down stairs, another day he swallows a pin; sometimes he's got the measles, sometimes the scarlet ever, and sometimes the mumps. At present he's in daily expectation of the whoopng cough. What a hullaballoo we'll have then! Not content with whooping all through his hitherto short career, he intends to in-

troduce a cough—probably a hollow, reverberating cough. An interrogatory suggests itself. Could I ever have been a baby? to the Pint, except slow and easy-like. doubly afflicting, for I'm going through gin him, and settin close to the fire, and after Lula's entrance that was positively another course now. Happy, indeed, is the lot of the bachelor whose second child-hood is postponed to a late period of his existence; whereas the married man endures a second childhood in his prime; and

to run upon the Scylla (silly) alternative of marriage. - Porter's Spirit.

FRENCH LOSSES IN THE CRIMEA. - Dr. Scrive, who acted as Physician General to the French army during the last war with Russia, has just published a book which contains a painful account of the losses and sufferings endured by the French troops landed in the East, but particularly by those engaged in the siege of Sebastopol. Of 309,278 officers and men sent from France during that short war, 200,000 entered the hospitals, and were treated professionally, 50,000 for wounds received in action, and 150,000 for diseases of various kinds contracted during the campaign, The first troops which embarked in France were attacked with cholers, which followed them to Athens, Gallipoli, Varna, and the Dobrudska. That scourge appeared to suspend its attack for a brief period, while the French in conjunction with their British allies gained the victory at the Alma. On their arrival before Sebastopol the cholera again attacked them, and the receptions in the military hospitals during the month of January, 1855, amounted to nine Now, what in the world was the use of thousand. They were chiefly treated for Jula talking about New Orleans? Her cholera, scurvy, frost-bites, and wounds of ent, that they must needs say something, physicians. The health of the army was better during the spring of 1855, but the cholera reappeared in July, and placed Several times had Desmond determined 4,500 men hors de combat. Typhus fever guage of love from Desmond's lips. Oh! entered hospitals. Dr. Scrive says that now painful was all this suspense to her the scurvy prevailed at this period, the conhow painful was all this suspense to her heart! and how she longed to arrive at once at the worst, and know Desmond's real feelings towards her.

the scurvy prevailed at this period, the constitution of the men being impaired through fatigue and privations. The Doctor further adds, that the most disastrous period of the [Porter's Spirit.] campaign, in a medical point of view, was during the months of February and March. The New York "Albion," the English pa 1856. A violent typhus, engendered by the infection of the beaps of refuse in the camp, struck down more than 19,000 soldiers at the end of the campaign, notwithunder arms was never so great in any for-

mer campaign. Of the medical staff, 83

physicians or surgeons fell victims to their

wise suffered serious losses from sickness.

evotedness -"an enormous figure," observes

Slack o' Breeches P'int.

The traveller, who has chanced to journey to the Red River, may recollect a point

above Alexandria—that used to be called

"Slack o' Breeches Point;" changed now, no doubt, to some more euphonious title. In the Spring of 184-, it fell to my lot to so-journ a few days at this delectable spot; and though not naturally curious as to the why of that which does not immediately concern me, I confess my curiosity was somewhat excited to know the cause of naming my then abiding place "Slack o' Breeches Point." I had a friend on the "Point," (who so destitute in the West as not to have such an essential?) Potipher Stripes, by baptismal name, that is, if he ever enjoyed the refreshing influence of any ablution, but more generally known by the more laconic

My first question, after the usual salutaions on meeting him, was directed to this object; and I shall never forget the shake of his foot, or the cut of his eye, as he turned in the immense arm chair, which he was then assiduously demolishing with his "Arkansas toothpick," to answer my question.

"Never heerd nothin' about it, eh?" said Pot, "Singular, that! Whar was you raisd, stranger? I acknowledged with becoming humiliation my entire ignorance of the subject, and to have been raised too far distant from the

"Point" to enjoy the advantage of its educational means.
"Now," said Pot, "a leetle pull on the Methodist Mission,' and I will tell you the

story that named this Point." Seeing my look of surprise, at his dubbing square built whiskey bottle the "Metho dist Mission," he explained, parenthetically

that the bottle was the relie of a camp meeting foray.
-Well, said Pot, after a heavy draught on the "Methodist Mission," "you've hearn of my Jeruse—but of course you hev; who haint! She's considerable now—not a touch though to what she was in her young days. Well, as I was goin' to say, afore I over seed Jeruse, and when she was young like, and all-fired spry, there was a feller come down to these parts from one of them cussed Yankee States - Bosting, I think it was - and bein' fixed up spruce like; and havin' an oncommon gift of gab, he persuaded Jeruse he was the best feller she ever seed. Mind, now, that was afore she seed me! and nothing would do but she must let him spark her night arter night, till she almost grow-ed to look like the darned Yankee. Things went on after this fashion for quite a spell in the winter-and they had agreed to get married the next spring, and move over to

"Now you see," continued Pot, "that the

gests itself. Could I ever have been a baby? to the Pint, except slow and easy-like. Could I ever have gone through "a course Well, one night the Yankee, getting a lee of sprouts?" Alas! if so, my position is the heated up by the whiskey Jeruse had holding Jeruse in his lap—and being, I think, naturly vicious—give Jeruse a chuck sort of sideways, and—well, I never did know clearly bout what happened; but Jeruse says it twarn't two minutes afore the Yankee had broke through the cadergrowth, and was a makin' for the 'P'int.' He had a long, blue tail coat on, with eagle but tous, a yellow vest 'to kill,' and breeches that was so big down the legs, that they couldn't have been much comfort in cool evenings. I've beerd them that seed that chase say, 'twas the beautifulest one they ever seed. Thar was the Yankee a leaping up and on, scrouching down to make headway -his blue tail coat hanging a little on this tree, and a trifle on that bush; his yaller vest all busted up the back, and tore awful all over; his breeches tora some, but damaged most by havin' the hold up buttons knipped off every little ways. The Yaukee blowed terrible through the nostril, but kept a movin' on. And there was Jeruse. Land of Freedom! how she looked. with a red bandana around her head, her hair all broke loose, her frock clean gone, her two spankin' new petticoats ribanded awful; and thar she was right arter him-a regular starn chase -a laborin' and a cussin, and a shootin' streaked lightnin' out of her eves. Well when the Yankee got just clear of the undergrowth, and about a hundred vards from the bank on the Pint-Jeruse about ten yards behind -he hadn't nary blue coat, valler vest, hat, shirt, or bootsand was a holdin' up what was left of his trousers by his hands. Jeruse, as soon as she got clear of the undergrowth, seed that, if she ever wanted to get hold of the Yankee, she had to do it in three hundred yards.

The Yankee was near the bluff on the Pint Jeruse almost nigh touchin' him -when she seed the feller was a goin' to make a leap for the river. She made one spring at him, caught hold of his trousers behind, and down she come, kerwallopl with the 'Slack of Breechas' in her fist, but no Yankee. He had jumped, in a state of 'natur,' clean out of his breeches, over the bluff and into the river! He was clean gone-and never was seed, except oncet after, and that was the next day-about forty miles l'other

A young lady in Newport, Ky., has advertised the names of gentlemen, any one of whom she is willing to marry—"first come, first served." A gentleman the other evening object

ed to playing cards with a lady, because, he said, she had such a "winning way" about her. "I say, Jim, what mechanical work did you do first?" asked one darkey of another. Why, cut teeth, ob course," replied the

"A lass I am no more," as the girl sail when she got married.

A Royal Struggle with Death.

Come when he will. Death is seldom a

velcome visitor; but under certain circumtances he is particularly unwelcome. Even

gray-haired age clings with frantic tenacity to this iniquitous earth, courts guilty human-ity, and shuns the yawning tomb with an nexpressive fear. Such a scene is now being witnessed in the Royal Palace at Sans Soi ci. The King of Prussia is dangerously ill; possibly he is on his death-bed; and the dread with which this old man contemplates relinquishing the toys and baubles of Rovalty are painful in the extreme. When he the fulness of reason, he musters strength to threaten with punishment any who mention the name of his successor; and during moments of delirium, he draws nearer to the sceptre which his powerless hands are unable soubriquet of "Pot." To "Pot" I went, to grasp, and watches jealously with faverascertain from him the origin of the name red-lened eyes the glittering, gaudy crows. red lened eyes the glittering, gaudy crown. Thus, sooner or later, will he probably pass into the arms of Death. Possibly we were not alone when we hoped that years of insipid despotism had been followed by reflection; but no-Frederick William is the same vain, ambitious man that he has ever been. His limbs may rofuse their office, his senses may be tottering to their fall, but he can and does indulge in the one grand thought and pride of his life-he is ruler. King, despot. The ties of birth mean nothing, they have faded into insignificance before the one important consideration of power; his own brother, the Prince of Prussia, must not enter the sick chamber; the King seems to fear that his successor will hasten his death for the purpose of snatching from him his ill-famed diadem. It is when an interview with the Prince is suggested, or when he suspects that it is about to be suggested, that his wrath is most miserably violett; that his shrunken, nerveless frame, and his poor dwindled intellect unite their wrecks of strength to add terror to his menacing. Is this not a pitiable sight? The sick pillow, or the death bed, as the case may be, has no power apparently to humble the man whose whole career has been void of true dignity, and whose soul now soars no higher than diadems and purple robes. But he can be no exception to the rule; the grave will open to receive him; the earthworm must acknowledge its mortality -even Frederick William must submit. and allow to Death his victim, While such are the scenes of the sick chamber, without there is the Prince of Prussia and his po-litical party, and those fashionable parasites who have ventured to speculate upon the future, impatiently hoping for the death of his majesty. Of course, this may not take place yet; but whenever it does, many very important changes will be made if the rule fall into the hands of the Prince. It is already stated that if he be positively install. ed into the office of Regent, that he will cabin where Jeruse used to live was about commence his regime by reconstituting the three miles from the Pint that you want to ministry, appointing in the places of those know about, and the undergrowth in them who now hold position statesmen of welland the Prince are bitter enemies, and have been so for the whole of the time that the

latter has been waiting for the former's death or resignation. We were sorry to receive reports which have occasioned and justified the above remarks. Notwithstanding the political errors of the King of Prussia, there is a trait in his character which commands our respect. It cannot be doubted that he is staunch and valuable friend of Protestanism; the cause of true religion would be greatly promoted if his example were followed b others on the continent; and whenever his death takes place, it will be a subject of heartfelt regret. Prussia is the chief continental stronghold to bar the progress of Roman Catholicism, and this is no unimportant consideration to the Protestants of England. We wish therefore, that the life of Frederick William may be spared, and that the apparently well authenticated accounts of the Prussian Court that have lately reached this country may prove totally untrue. - London News.

WRITING AND PRINTING MACRINE. - W. have been permitted to examine an invention which is peculiarly interesting, and serviceable to all connected with letters and the circulation of information. It is modestly styled a "printing machine," and is intended to supply the place of the merchant's copying apparatus, the reporter's stenography, and to relieve authors and copyists from that laborious employment with the pen which so seriously interferes with the apid transmission of ideas. The machine in its present form is compact and ornamen al, easily moved, conveniently manag-ed, and commending itself by its simplicity and remarkable results to the attention of literary and commercial men. Its action is by means of keys moved after the principle of the piano forte, and the author or copyist seated beside it 230, by a little practice, print upon a letter sheat the matter which his thought dictates almost as rapidly as the ideas suggest themselves. Two copies are struck off simultaneously, so that the merchant has his duplicate letter, the editor his "copy," the author his manuscripts, the divine his sermon, in print, before it has passed beyond his own vision. Once let this invention become generally known and in use, and there is hardly any limit to shich its ramifications may not extend. For this useful instrument we are indubted to the genius of a young gentleman whose social position and talents are of the highest order, Mr. S. W. Francis, of this city-

Gold is universally worshipped without a single temple; and by all classes, without a single hypocrite,

The cradle is woman's builot box. Yen and some of them deposit in it two ballots at once. Now, isn't that illegall Why is a kiss like some sermons! B

cause there are two heads and one applie

The Plebt of nature" should never paid, if it can't be collected without an er